wednesday
29 august 2001
issue twelve
version 7.1

piss clear

Black Rock City ranked #1 MOST LIVABLE CITY

by Rand McNally *Places Rated Almanac*

(Despite ranking #343 in climate)

photo by Sage Collins

Black Rock City's daily alternative newspaper

Black Rock City's daily alternative newspaper

wednesday
29 august 2001
issue twelve
version 7.1

1:00 Outer Ring Road,
Center Camp
Black Rock City,
Nevada

editor/art director/
publisher/figurehead
Adrian Roberts
assistant to the editor
Deidre
distribution manager /
staff photographer
Lois Layne
instigator-in-chief /
assistant to Dan Bitter
PF
assistant to the
assistant to Dan Bitter
Maia Playa

contributing writers
Sage Collins
Andrea Spacegirl
***f*lux**
Dennis Hinkamp
LadyBee
Dr. Lizard
Malderor
Penfold
Sister Dana Van Iquity
Tokyo Rico
photographers
Sage Collins
Lois Layne
Adrian Roberts
Salvatore Vasapolli
fake ads
Lenny Jones

generously printed by
Waller Press
339 Harbor Way
South San Francisco,
California
e-mail
pissclear@
blue-period.com
web
http://www.
blue-period.com/
pissclear
snail mail
Piss Clear
1388 Haight St.#232
San Francisco, CA
94117

Larry Harvey is actually a 3-foot-tall midget recluse. The man you see with the Hat is really an actor hired by the BMorg.

©2001
Adrian Roberts

So here it is, it's Wednesday, and if you're reading this, chances are you've been here since Monday. And we here at *Piss Clear,* as always, are feeling like big lame-asses, because we're just *now* showing up. Hey! We remember when showing up on Wednesday was getting here early!

Okay, we admit it, we're envious. You obviously got the entire week off from work, and got a two-day head start on us. Hence, you are *so much* cooler than we are.

But do you have your own newspaper?

Yeah, yeah, so we may be late getting our asses out here, but you know, we had, like, a newspaper to put to bed. And it's a lot of work! It ain't easy being Black Rock City's only daily alternative newspaper.

Your fearless editor

adrian's rant

Daily? Did we say daily?

Yup, you read that right. *Daily.* We haven't been a daily paper since 1996, when it caused us so much stress that we vowed to never do it again.

Well, never say never. That was five years ago, and frankly, we've gotten a little better at this playa newspaper thing. So we're going to give it a shot and see how it goes. Besides, don't you, the Black Rock City reader, deserve a *daily* alternative newspaper? Especially since we're the only one?

And why is *Piss Clear* Black Rock City's only alternative newspaper? Why hasn't someone else – someone younger and sexier, no doubt – come along to knock our attitudinal asses off our pretentious pedestal to claim that *they* are the only true alternative paper on the playa, and that we're just a bunch of pampered poseurs, pretending like we're all anti-establishment, while we secretly suck the Man's dick behind everyone's back? Because you know, they might have a point.

It's Lois Layne!

Prime real estate

After all, the Burning Man Powers-That-Be have finally bestowed upon *Piss Clear* something we've been secretly coveting since we started coming out here nine years ago: **prime real estate.** Yup, we've finally moved up through the theme camp hierarchy, and I'm happy to report that the *Piss Clear* offices are now strategically placed in Center Camp – and not just anywhere in Center Camp, but right next door to Larry Harvey himself! In fact, I plan on walking over there today to borrow a cup of sugar.

Yes, despite all the bitchy things we've printed about the Burning Man organization over the years, we've somehow been granted the playa equivalent of beachfront property, complete with a gorgeous, panoramic view of the open playa and the Man himself. (Thanks, Harley!) I can't tell if the BMorg is trying to underhandedly assimilate us, or if this was just a big mix-up at the Theme Camp Placement offices.

New ticket pricing is only a matter of time

Either way, we're going to enjoy it while we can, because I'm sure that soon enough – maybe next year – the BMorg will get dollar signs in their eyes, and that's when they'll start selling tickets based on where your camp is placed. It'll be just like a Madonna concert, with the campsites closest to Center Camp commanding the highest ticket prices. Tickets will get progressively cheaper the further out you get, but – just like a Madonna concert – they'll never really get all *that* cheap. And the nose-bleed seat tickets will be right next to the all-night rave camps, where you'll never escape the pounding thump of the bass, and consequently, you'll never get a good night's sleep either.

But until that happens, you can call us shameless sell-outs if you want. We can take it. Because no matter what, we've still got a kick-ass camping spot, and you don't.

We need more newspapers!

Okay, so back to publishing a newspaper out here on the playa. Black Rock City is a town full of hipsters and alterna-types – why aren't there at least two alternative newspapers? You know, like they have in San Francisco, Seattle, or L.A.? Where's the *Black Rock City New Times?*

There are something like 50 radio stations out here, but only *two* newspapers? That's fucked up. Sure, it's a pain in the ass to publish a paper here on the playa, but isn't it also a pain in the ass to build a techno nightclub with video projections, or a large-scale human maze, or a motorized living room set? Yeah, I thought so.

We need more newspapers in this town. Let's face it, that other newspaper, the *Black Rock Gazette,* barely qualifies as such anyway. It comes off more like a hastily thrown-together newsletter, written by a bunch of hacks who think that regurgitating information from the Survival Guide qualifies as "news." Yawn. I mean, really, how many times do we need to be told to "leave no trace," and not to throw trash in the porta-potties. Boooring! Enough already! We've got it!

The infamous *Piss Clear* production office at 1:00 Center Camp

Lois Layne

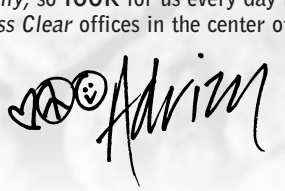
Why we're called *Piss Clear*

Here at *Piss Clear,* we firmly believe that the good people of Black Rock City deserve better in a newspaper. This is a fun town! Shouldn't you have a fun read? You don't get that with the *Black Rock Gazette.* Why read something that constantly reminds you about all the "rules" there are out here? You want to read something that not only informs, but entertains – like our name, which does both: *Piss Clear.* Because really, all you need to be reminded of out here is to **drink enough water so that you piss clear.**

And now you know how we got our name.

We're looking forward to being your source of printed entertainment for the rest of the week. Remember, we'll be publishing *Piss Clear daily,* so look for us every day in the Center Camp Cafe, at the *Piss Clear* offices in the center of the Esplanade, or from one of our sexy paperboys or papergirls!

We'll see you out there!



Nipples get pinched! *by SAGE COLLINS*

Sage Collins

Last year, I stumbled out of my tent to witness the above scene: two police officers, three agents, three Rangers, a K-9 Unit, and two unlucky Burners – and two huge tits. More accurately, two "tit-tents" designed to look like breasts and the homes of the Burners. Unfortunately, they were showing a little too much when a county officer saw them enjoying a nice smoke break, bong and all, through an open flap.

Let this be a warning to everyone here this year. The number of citations and arrests last year is one I don't care to remember (it was a lot), but the magic number for anyone (including these two) caught was $250. It's the best case scenario for anyone here in the Silver State should the Tin Stars arrive, as any drug not available in a casino or whorehouse is treated with a zero-tolerance policy. The officers involved had no comment – so I just muttered a few comments into the tape recorder myself. I'll refrain from printing them, thank you.

The Ex-*Gazette* Files

by SAGE COLLINS

rant

Somewhere in the small bundle of papers you got on the way in, between a useful map and an informative guide to playa activities, there was a useless piece of over-funded, over-edited piece of hack journalism better known as the *Black Rock Gazette*'s Gate Edition. Last year, space on the front page was reserved for trashing the good people of the newspaper you now hold in your hands, simply because it was high time to take a swing at the editors of this pre-playa-published piece of tabloid trash – and I was the first one who volunteered to put on my boxing gloves and step into the ring.

After all, ever since my first time on the playa, I've watched *Piss Clear* harsh the *Gazette* issue after issue – and that's just what I attacked when I wrote what was to be the *Gazette*'s angry reply. I wrote about how *Piss Clear* likes to use big fonts in their articles. Hyphenated beauties like propaganda-fueled and corporate newsletter jump in your face as Adrian rants and raves about how much the *Gazette*'s air-conditioned trailers shouldn't be funded out here on the playa. You don't have to be a Sage to know *Piss Clear* has even more anti-*Gazette* articles this year. *(Editor's note: see opposite page.)*

After that, it was a lot of grandstanding about the *Gazette*'s daily miracle of printing a paper in a harsh desert environment: "Keeping radical self-expression alive and delivered by noon," or something like that – I've actually blocked it out. And why? Because you didn't see that article last year, did you?

Yes, like so many articles submitted, it was cut. But even after three different editors from three different cities hacked at it, even after clichés like "we get the real scoop" and "it's the naked truth" started attaching themselves to the ends of my paragraphs like parasites, still – after all that – it somehow managed to get a go for the Gate Edition.

But when I got to the playa and through the gate, there was no article. After unpacking, I headed down to Center Camp where a Much Acknowledged Representative In Articles and Newsletters introduced herself – and told me she cut the article because it was offensive. I suggested that offensive was the mood we were going for and I'm guessing that offended her even more. *[Editor's note: I bet we at* Piss Clear *would have loved it.]*

And therein lies the fatal flaw with the *Black Rock Gazette* – no guts. This isn't to say that there aren't reasons for the *Gazette* to hold its tongue on certain issues – and there's a certain sensibility in getting a law firm on the Burning Man payroll to address the county's legal issues with the police, rather than sending a bunch of oddly-dressed hack volunteers out on the playa to get "the real scoop."

After all, some of those Gazetteers are real playa vultures! During a meeting concerning walk-on staffing, a reliable eyewitness source claims he saw a walk-on Gazetteer aggressively climb over another potential Gazetteer, screaming "No, you must publish my human interest travel story! Not hers!" and waving a typed page frantically at the managing editor. The ambitious writer then assaulted the other reporter, cracking them over the head with a piece of rebar repeatedly until the victim dropped her half page blurb just short of the submission bin and remained unconscious until the deadline. She was later revived and given a complimentary cafeteria pass and two sodas out of the *Gazette*'s cooler.

Alright, so some of that might not be confirmed, but getting the news is something we have to think about. The self-proclaimed provider of accurate news to Black Rock City puts more and more emphasis on public service announcements and sponsored events each year. For you dot.com yuppies out here, last year we saw articles on everything from the stock market to a stock market related art installation that never got built! Not to mention the shameless promotion of BurningMan.com and Jack Rabbit Speaks! The *Gazette* even had something on fire safety – does any of this sound like *news* to you? Hardly.

Drug Guide for Dummies

by TOKYO RICO

ALCOHOL

When camping in the desert, it's a good idea to drink lots of hard liquor until you feel nauseous. The alcohol will kill undesirable bacteria in your stomach. You will then vomit up that bacteria, possibly for several hours. This is normal, and should be encouraged – drinking more liquor will facilitate this process.

It's also a good idea to be drunk on alcohol when choosing a sexual partner.

MARIJUANA

Just about the only downside of pot is that, when you smoke it, the police are able to read your mind. So keep far away from the police. One more thing: There are lots of undercover cops at Burning Man. Some of your best friends may be the police.

ECSTASY

When dropping E, the important thing is to *avoid water* and *move quickly.* This will keep you as high as possible. You'll also notice that you'll want to touch strangers. Do it! Especially if the stranger happens to be an exploding 50-foot tall wooden man.

ACID

A proper dose of acid is usually between ten to fifteen tabs. Rule of thumb: the more, the better. While under the influence, try to think about upsetting or unhappy things: recent deaths in the family, personal failures, the frightening voidlike emptiness of the universe. It's sure to enhance your trip. Oh, and if you're still high after three hours, congratulations! You might *never* come down!

MUSHROOMS

These delicious fungi should always be eaten plain, with nothing to mask their exquisite flavour. Remember, everything you see on mushrooms is real. So, if a ghostly beast descends from the sky and instructs you to run past the trash fence and far out into the desert for miles and miles without food or water, just do as you're told and run. Run!

COCAINE

This calming substance is just the thing if you want a smooth, mellow buzz that lasts a long, long time. For an even more soothing experience, try cutting the cocaine with scrubbing cleanser or your choice of powdered industrial solvent. Then just kick back, relax, and let others do the talking.

NITROUS OXIDE

Nitrous makes you want to shake that booty, so grab a balloon full and get your ass on the dance floor! If you fall down, don't worry – you just haven't inhaled enough nitrous. Nitrous is also the late-night driver's drug of choice. For a special high, turn your headlights off.

Shitty weather rocks!

by MALDEROR

Storm's a-comin'!

Lois Layne

last rant

So I'm going to go out on a limb and predict that this is the first year since 1997 – the year Burning Man was held on private land on Hualapi Playa – that Black Rock City has experienced population shrinkage. What with the collapse of the Bay Area dot.conomy, and the ongoing exodus of San Francisco artists and techno-nerds, Black Rock City has lost many of its core contributors. (And yeah, sure, maybe you drove out from Des Moines for this event, and don't see it as a "Bay Area" thing. You're deluding yourself, sweetie. Every second person here drove over the hill from the City by the Bay. If you want something 'global', try the Rainbow Gathering.)

Anyway, BRC has gotten smaller because of the economy and, like other things, it shrunk because of the cold. When the yuppie scumwads from my office (now laid-off) all decided to come to Burning Man last year, I cringed. But, you know, in the spirit of inclusiveness, I welcomed these ivy-league MBA nimrods to the scene, and held their hands while they "tripped out" on "weed," and snapped photos of all the naked chicks.

But, for the second year running, Mother Nature was less than welcoming. Two years ago the windstorms were so bad that they snapped my tent-poles and I had to live in our truck. Last year, everybody's projects got ravaged by the wind, porta-potties were blown over, and the whole City was in survival mode. The freezing rain really bit into people's fun, too. I remember leaving Paul Oakenfold's set after only 45 minutes, because I was tired of standing ankle deep in mud while icy rain lashed my face. Woo-hoo, party!

So I was unsurprised when the aforementioned One-Year BM Veterans passed me in the office hallway, and said, "Oh, yeah, I don't think we're going to go to Burning Man this year. You know, we were so tired after last time, and we really don't think we can muster the energy, and blah blah fucking blah."

Me, I've been coming to the Burn a while, and I remember the crystal-clear, shirt-sleeve evenings of old. Seventy-degree evenings, sitting in the hot springs, or (more accurately) getting my groove on with my sweetie in the reeds around the hot springs. Such memories compel me to return, even though the weather the last two years has, you know, sucked.

Yeah, the weather might be crappy again this year. It might rain, and there might be more days of non-stop 70 mile-per-hour wind. Hell, I might get struck by lightning out on the playa, or brained by a hailstone the size of Pepe's ego. Whatever. I'm not going to stop coming out here because it's a little goddamn nippy. Our camp has a tradition when the windstorms hit. And this may surprise you, Yuppie Boy, but it's not cowering in our tents, and whining about how frickin' cold we are. It's cranking up the AC/DC on our illegally-loud sound system and go-go dancing on our picnic tables. We're having fun in the face of adversity. If this concept doesn't appeal to you, perhaps you aren't cut out to be a Black Rock citizen.

And if you're a snivelling milquetoast, who would prefer a warm, dry bed and your jammies, stay the hell home and leave Black Rock City to us. Maybe there's a nice rerun on the TV, or heck, your SUV needs waxing. Better yet, you can just watch the Burn on CNN and tell all your friends you used to go, but "it just got too commercial, man." Whatever. We know the truth. And we invite your weak ass to stay the fuck home.

So yeah, I'm glad the weather sucked for the past couple of years. It separated the wheat from the chaff. The men from the boys. The drag queens from the jocks-wearing-dresses. This place would be an overpopulated Hell if it were easier to get to or milder in climate. It's supposed to be a trial by fire.

And the best thing about the shitty weather is that, for once, we won't hear people say "Oh, it was so much better last year."

haiku

Anarchy with rules
Special Olympics of art
Burning Man is dumb

– flux

What?! It costs
how much?!
I'll be in the Mojave
Alone in the sand

I gaze at the stars
Discreetly pull out
peepee
Water the playa

Dark porta-potty
Who left the gift
on the seat?
Poo-poo pyramids

In darkness I pee
Beer cans in the urinal
Surprise water sports!

In line for rest room,
Handed copy of
Piss Clear
Keeps mind off bladder

– Sister Dana Van Iquity

VISOR

organizing your burn.